Enter CORNELIUS *and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces [9]:—Why so sadly Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

COR. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead*

*CYM** Whom worse than a physician[1]
Would this report become ? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too'[2].—How ended she ?

COR, With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself.
What she confess'd, I will report, so please you: These her women Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks, Were present when she finish'd.

CYM. Pr'ythee, say,

COR. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you;
only
Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place ; Abhorr'd your person.

CYM. She alone knew this : And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

9 There's BUSINESS in these faces :—] So, in Macbeth:
"The *business* of this man looks out of him."
MALONE. [1] WHOM worse than a physician—] Old copy—Who* Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

a----------$y_e$fc death ,
Will seize the doctor too.] This observation has been already made at the end of the second stanza of the funeral Song, p. 16$; " The sceptre, learning, *physick,* must " All follow this, and come to dust."
STEEVENS.